

Dragonborn: The Rebellion (Working Title)

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Summary: My First Fanfic. ( Be Gentle) Loosely based on the events of Skyrim with flashback and exerts from oblivion.

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The sky wept. The tears of a nation, of a world, fell from the sky. Pouring through the shattered ceiling, the rain soaked me to the bone as I stood there in shock, in awe and in horror. The full weight was yet to hit me. I had witnessed the end of a dynasty and soon all eyes would look to me.

For an eternity it seemed I stood staring, transfixed by the towering stone dragon, frozen in its victory and death scream. Not since the dawn of Mundus had such a thing been seen and maybe not until the end of days would they be seen again.

It was in that shattered temple with the smell of both rain and ash permeating the air that my eyes finally met his. The anguish scarred on his face at his own perceived failure. Tears, (were they tears?), streaked down his ashen face. I wanted to run to him, to shout, to scream that this was his victory, pyrrhic as it was, this was his, his and Martin's and that they, against all odds, had save us.

But the vigour that had carried him through the crisis, the energy and charisma that had oozed from him as he lead armies to drive back the daemeons, the fire that had burned so brightly had, like the dragon-fires, had been extinguished. Our hero sagged in his armour, his sword was held limply in his hand. It's blade twisted and crumbling, the price for piercing the hide of a dark god.

For an age we stared. At each other. At the dragon. At nothing.

They came then. The Legions. To see the grave of Akatosh's mortal champion and the one who fought by his side.

One by one, as if controlled by a single mind, the men of the legion drew their swords hammering their points the ground and kneeling

before him. Not Martin, not Akatosh, but before the man who had  
duelled a god and before I could think, before I could stop, I was  
kneeling before him too. Me the now Potentate, knelt before the  
hero.

End  
file.